


**Haight riot**  
— from  
tear gas  
to carnations  
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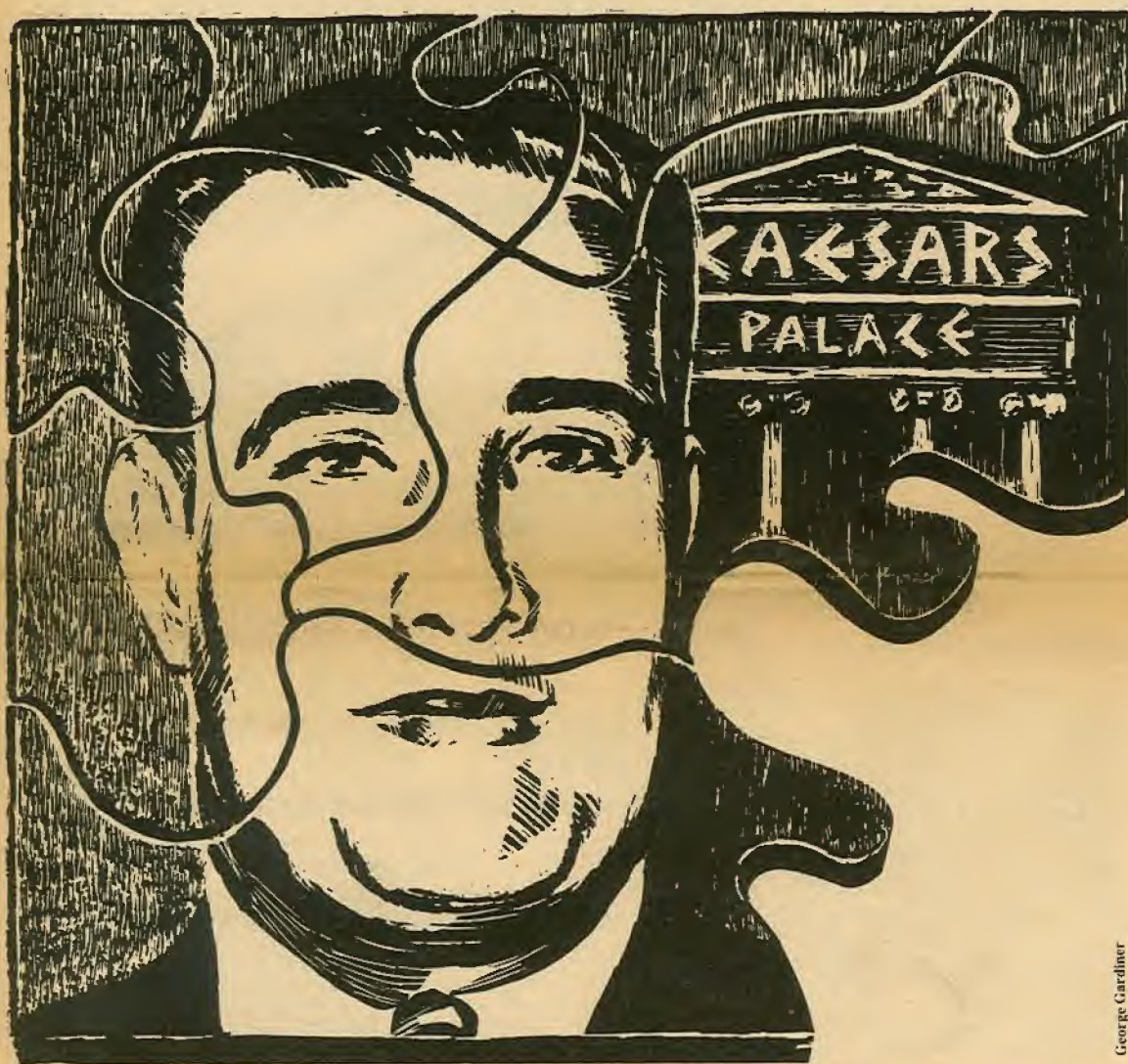
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## The gambling fever of Truax



George Gardner

Fur coats and thousands  
handed out to girls,  
private jet zips him home  
— this was ABAG aide's  
double life in Las Vegas

By Ivan Sharpe  
Copyright 1968, The Bay Guardian Co.

REPORTER Ivan Sharpe spent three days in Las Vegas and several days in the Bay Area piecing together this unrevealed story of the fascinating double life of ABAG aide Tom Truax.  
Certain names are withheld for obvious reasons of libel and to save informants embarrassment — or even possibly being fired.

Smilingly nodding at the sharp-faced dealers as he sat down at the baccarat table in Las Vegas' elegant Caesars Palace, Troy Thompson looked like a farmer up from the country for his first big fling.

"He would come strolling wearing a \$10 pair of shoes, a J.C. Penney white shirt and pull out \$20,000 as if it were nothing," a dealer observed.

Reticent, quiet-spoken Thompson, in fact, never looked like a high roller.

If he lost \$50,000 or so, he would give a weak grin, shrug and move away. If he won many thou-

sands -- and he often did -- he was equally placid. Never frivolous, rarely seeming happy.

He was an enigma, even in plastic, shadowy Las Vegas where oddballs are as common as one-arm bandits.

The truth was that the young, muscular six-footer was in love with baccarat, a fast, high-stake game popular in European casinos as chemin-de-fer or chemmy.

Playing baccarat was a compulsion. Winning or losing was a deep fever; the thousands of dollars involved was incidental.

### Lots of money

Yet Troy Thompson had to have money to indulge his obsession. Lots of it.

And so, on Sunday nights, he would reluctantly fly back to Berkeley to his other life, to wrestle with regional problems of sewage disposal, bay fill and mass transit.

Here he reverted back to his real name of Thomas Nelson Truax, the 26-year-old trusted and well-liked No. 2 man for the ambitious Association of Bay Area Governments.

He has been missing since Feb. 8 when investigators discovered \$511,000 in federal grants had never made it into official ABAG accounts. Instead they went into

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## 'The newspaper strike is ended'

By our correspondent

Newspaper executives, union officials and newsmen sat nervously eyeing the clock, fiddling with television cameras, pacing across the deep red carpet of Mayor Joseph Alioto's outer office. It was Sunday, Feb. 25 and, after 52 days, it finally would end — that very evening.

Or would it? The scheduled time of announcement came — 5:30 p.m. — and still no word. Then 6, 6:30, 6:45. Suddenly, the mayor burst out of his inner office.

"I am very happy to announce," he told his anxious audience, "that the newspaper strike is ended."

Labor-management foes suddenly turned friends. Together, they'd move immediately for resumption of publication; they'd get the papers on the streets again by Wednesday.

But when it ended that evening in the mayor's office, it ended with one of the most significant strike settlements in years, one that as-

ures the public of uninterrupted daily newspaper production for at least three years.

Unions, seeking the unity necessary for maximum bargaining power, had proposed to renegotiate their contracts and extend them to a common expiration date.

The newspapers, seeking to avoid constant labor strife as one union contract and then another expired, had agreed to the peace plan.

But before this could be done, 15 union contracts had to be renegotiated; agreements had to be reached on wage increases, and other new provisions for all of them.

### Amazing enough

That it was done at all was amazing enough. But it was done in only 16 days of negotiations.

The major credit goes to a brilliant mediator named Sam Kagel and to Louis Goldblatt, the equally brilliant secretary — treasurer of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

Goldblatt, whose union represents some newspaper employees

in Hawaii, had come to the unions' joint strike committee with the plan. He saw it as the way to end the labor-management scraping that began with the merger of The Chronicle and The Examiner into the Printing Company in September, 1965.

But, most important, it was the way to shore-up the unity of the unions in a strike that, until Gold-

**Gov. Reagan answers The Bay Guardian disclosure in its last issue that the utilities got their own man appointed to California's powerful PUC.** — page 6

blatt moved in, was a battle of only one union, the Mailers, for a new contract.

Unions discussed the plan for nearly a week with Goldblatt and Kagel, chief arbitrator between the ILWU and the Pacific Maritime Association. Once the unions agreed, Kagel got agreement from the newspaper publishers.

Then the unions proposed to Mayor Alioto that he name Kagel as his mediator to conduct negotiations. Alioto agreed and, on Feb.

8, Kagel began around-the-clock sessions with union and publisher negotiators in the Clift Hotel.

The talks ended with agreements that were recommended unanimously by the unions' individual negotiating committees. Then came that anxious wait in the mayor's office. All 15 unions had to vote on the committee recommendations at membership meetings that Sunday. All had to ratify the agreement or there would be no settlement.

### One left

The unions met at different times throughout the day, starting at 10 a.m. By mid-afternoon, 14 had approved their new contracts by overwhelming votes. Just one union left — the Mailers, which had started it all.

The mailers began meeting at 3 p.m. and discussed it for 3-1/2 hours while others paced that red carpet. Then the word: 213 for ratification, only 10 against.

Despite the anxiety, the Mailers' vote didn't surprise those who were aware of the terms in the union's

— continued on page 2



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# 'The strike ends'

— continued from page 1

new contract. For the mailers won withdrawal of the Printing Company demands that prompted the strike — demands that would have weakened the union severely.

Among other things, the company had wanted to loosen the union's control over hiring and cut down the number of mailers it employs.

Additionally, the mailers won a new paid holiday — their birthday — and the liberalized vacation provisions they had sought. They will get four weeks vacation after five years' service immediately and four weeks after one year as of next January.

Like the other unions, the Mailers' contract was re-dated to go into effect immediately and expire on March 1, 1971 — a period in which there can be no strikes or lockouts.

The union also got the basic wage package granted other unions — a \$10 weekly raise now, \$10 in March, 1969, and \$12 in March, 1970.

The mailers got an additional \$7 a week raise retroactive to last March when their old contract expired, plus \$3.25 a week in health and welfare payments retroactive to December 1.

\$182 a week

This will bring the mailers' weekly pay to \$182 a week by the end of the new contract period. Among other unions, pay will range up to the \$241 that will be guaranteed reporters with at least six years experience.

Although the new agreement cancels pay raises previously scheduled for the future in the original contracts of those unions whose contracts had not expired, pre-

viously scheduled fringe benefit increases will go into effect as scheduled.

New benefits, including up to four weeks vacation after one year's service, new holidays and liberalized health and welfare provisions, can be added at any union's discretion. But the cost must be deducted from the new page package.

If this sounds like a union victory, it should. But thanks to the unusual nature of the settlement, it also is a management victory.

Both sides got what they wanted, and the way has been paved for them to fully concentrate, after more than 2-1/2 years, on providing the public with the kind of daily newspapers it needs.

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Two upcoming California Music Foundation events: ANDRE WATTS, pianist, at the Opera House, Saturday, March 2nd, 8:30; and JULIAN BREEM, classical guitarist, at the Curran Theater, Sunday, March 3rd, 3 p.m.

ENCOUNTER THEATRE: Becker's "Happy Days" Mar 7, 8, 9 and 14, 15, 16. Old St. Mary's Church, Grant and California (751-7707).

PLAYHOUSE: "Bedlam" by Broughton opens Mar. 1 (775-4426).

STANFORD REPERTORY: O'Casey's "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" from Mar. 6 (321-2300).

S.F. STATE: "The Master Builder" Feb. 29, Mar. 1-2 (585-7174).

CURRAN: "Black Comedy" opens Mar. 5 (673-4400).

"Ghost Sonata" continues weekends at the God's Eye, "Three-penny Opera" is at The Interplayers, and "Waiting for Godot" will be performed in French at Veteran's Auditorium, one night only — Mar. 1.

(See back pages for reviews.)

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# He won a quarter of a million — and then things went sour

— continued from page 1

two phony ABAG accounts that Truax had set up in Oakland. Truax hid his thefts and gambling very well. He obtained a false driver's license and Social Security card in the name of Troy Thompson.

And he told his very pretty wife, Sherri, a third grade teacher in the Mt. Diablo Unified School District whom he married five years ago, that his two or three a month weekend trips to Nevada were necessary because he was a consultant to the City of Las Vegas.

He freely admitted a little light gambling, but he was careful to display none of the wealth that would be inconsistent with his \$218-a-week ABAG post. They had a modestly furnished apartment at 1917 Delaware St., Berkeley.

In his ABAG job he was conscientious, knowledgeable and highly competent, according to his boss, ABAG executive director Warren Schmid.

His future as a bureaucrat seemed dazzling. He was graduated with honors in 1963 from San Jose State College as a political science major.

After a 12-month internship with the California County Supervisors' Association, he was hired in mid-1964 by Wil Smith, Schmid's predecessor at ABAG.

His high-stakes gambling apparently began about 15 months ago, shortly after the multi-million dollar, marble-stated Caesars Palace opened on the Las Vegas strip.

**'His playground'**

Truax rarely gambled heavily in the other casinos. "Caesars Palace was his playground, his source of funds," a baccarat pit boss noted. And indeed it was, at first.

Until about July last year, his system worked. He won about a quarter of a million dollars.

"He was one of the very few who

## Truax was in love with baccarat



ride. If he won again, he would take back \$1,000 and play on with the casino's money.

Truax rarely talked when he was playing, but he did smile often at the pretty waitresses in skimpy white toga outfits who brought him drinks. He liked girls, often tipping them \$100 or more.

One girl he didn't like, however, never got a nickel tip. Two or three others looked on the handsome, crew-cut Truax as a gift from the Roman gods.

He would never proposition them at the table, but later he would be seen quietly slipping off to a show at the Dunes, the Flamingo or the Sands with a cocktail waitress. Two or three girls got gifts of several thousands of dollars. One girl accepted \$5,400.

About three months ago, two pretty TWA stewardesses flew in from Chicago and lost at the baccarat table.

That night Truax cleaned up \$80,000 and, on a generous impulse, he took them along to the Mannis fur shop inside the casino and bought each of them a \$3,000

out I'm from the country.' He looked like a pigeon. He may have got suckered into gambling in his hotel suite."

Probing the possibility of illegal inside gambling, an investigator from the Nevada Gaming Commission had lunch with Truax, posing as Thompson, some months ago in Oakland. He went off, with no suspicion of Thompson's real identity.

It was a New York gambler's inquisitiveness about Truax's credit that broke open the young executive's dual life.

The Eastern gambler contacted a shadowy figure in the East Bay who then hired a private investigator. The investigator tipped off Dick Karlson, KGO-TV, who soon decided it was a case for the state attorney general's office.

Two days before Truax disappeared, he was being pressed hard to pay a \$30,000 debt.

Truax, as he had done before, pledged an ABAG savings book to obtain a \$70,000 loan from the San Francisco Federal Savings and Loan Association.

### Two checks

He got the loan in two checks: one made out to ABAG for \$20,000 was later found in his desk drawer; the other for \$50,000 made out to Thompson Enterprises he took with him down to Las Vegas.

That Truax was being told to "Pay up or else" is evident by the fact that for the first time, he flew to Vegas in the middle of the week.

Truax cashed the check at Caesar's Palace and was given \$20,000 change.

Nathan Jacobson, a sharp-tongued boss of Caesar's Palace, exploded when I questioned him in his opulent, gold-carpeted office.

"If I find anyone who talks to you, I'll fire them," he stormed. Jacobson's volatile presence was evident everywhere in Caesars Palace. The casino, which fawned over Truax only weeks before, now shut up like a book at the mention of Thompson.

"Thompson? Yeah, he played here once in a while," a pit boss surlily answered a query.

"Hell, do you want to frighten all the embezzlers off to the Bahamas," muttered a bartender.

Said Jacobson: "I deeply resent you implicating Caesars Palace. He gambled heavily in every casino in town. Sure, I know Mr. Thompson, but that doesn't mean I have to check on everybody who stays here."

About the check, he growled: "Your information is erroneous. I was in Europe at the time. I can give you no details at all on the transaction."

Leaning across the desk, he

shouted: "I think your profession stinks. I'll tell you straight. It's even lower than prostitution -- and you can quote me on that."

His parting shot after 20 minutes of raging "Let me sum it up: no comment."

Jacobson had reason to be bitter; on orders from ABAG, payment on the \$50,000 check was stopped. However, that afternoon of Feb.

8 Truax had \$20,000 from the Casino which he gambled at the baccarat table -- and won \$25,000.

About 4 p.m., Truax was supposed to be meeting his boss, Schmid, in Sacramento. He tried unsuccessfully to call him there.

That day, however, a dumfounded Schmid had been given the news of his trusted aide's double life.

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## How it was so easy to filch ABAG's \$500,000

How did Thomas Truax, assistant to the executive director of ABAG, find it so easy to milk the regional agency? And why weren't the thefts discovered in routing audits?

ABAG, a seven-year-old voluntary organization supported by donations from 87 cities in nine Bay area counties, was looked upon with favor in 1965 by the new U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD).

Checks in plain, brown envelopes started rolling in to the tune of \$1,080,000 to finance transportation sewage, water and other regional studies.

Truax opened the mail and pocketed two such checks for \$399,649 and \$61,793. He used these checks to repay dues money he had previously diverted to his phony ABAG accounts. His embezzling system, known as "lapping" began on Dec. 16, 1965.

Investigators auditing ABAG's books at first thought the two phony ABAG accounts at the Central Valley National Bank and Crocker Citizens Bank in Oakland were genuine. They found about \$3,000 left in them.

ABAG had seven real accounts. Truax juggled money back and forth, often paying the ABAG payroll out of a phony account.

He siphoned off money from the ABAG accounts into three of his own in the names of Thompson Enterprises at the United California Bank in Oakland; T and R Associates at the Bank of America in Berkeley, and one in his own name at the Wells Fargo Elmwood branch in Berkeley.

Investigators also believed at first that Truax's obtaining of a \$70,000 loan with an ABAG account used as collateral was the

desperate move of a man about to take flight. However, the fact that he returned to Oakland from Las Vegas scotched that idea.

When ABAG executive director Warren Schmid and Richard M. Zettel, director of the Bay Area Transportation Study Commission (BATS), became curious about delayed HUD checks, Truax merely said the checks were still in process in Washington.

ABAG's auditing firm, Main La Frentz and Co., discovered nothing unusual because officially ABAG had not received the two HUD checks, which Truax had used to cover up deficiencies in other accounts.

Disclosure of Truax's thefts set off a storm that threatens to sink ABAG. Members accused ABAG of sloppy accounting and worried that they might have to repay the thefts to the U.S. government by increased dues.

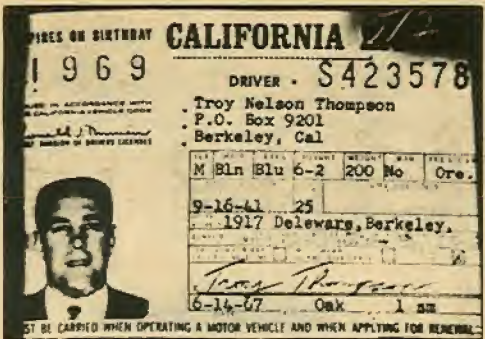
In fact, ABAG's future was in doubt even before the Truax scandal broke.

Critics argue that it doesn't have enough teeth to achieve anything positive.

Members also fear that the state or federal government will move in and dictate terms for the use of aid granted to cities. Washington demands that plans for each city and county be coordinated on a regional basis.

Assemblyman John Knox (D-Richmond) is spearheading a state study into the possibility of replacing ABAG with strong, regional government. Hearings are scheduled on March 11.

Truax, a staunch ABAG supporter and worker, may have helped to provide the ammunition to kill it.



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LEGITIMATE DRIVER'S LICENSE

understand the fundamentals of gambling," a former dealer at Caesars Palace said.

The baccarat table at Caesars Palace is the busiest on the Strip. Crowds of the curious, the frustrated and the frankly envious stand outside a roped enclosure studying the gamblers concentrating on the play and high stakes -- from \$20 to \$2,000.

Baccarat is a very fast game -- up to 125 hands an hour. It is played between the bank and a player. All other players bet on one or the other.

Truax followed the winner's hand. He would casually make an opening bet of \$500 on one side or the other. If he lost, he bet on the other, winning side. If he won, he had \$1,000 and he let it

mink. One girl exchanged her fur stole for a full-length coat a week later.

### 'Cinderella story'

Observed a casino employee: "I thought it was very sweet of him, a very kind gesture. The girls were just thrilled, of course. It was a beautiful Cinderella story."

After last July, things went sour for Truax. He began to lose more often than he won. In fact, he lost just about everything he had won in the previous six months.

Which poses an intriguing question: what happened to the half a million in missing ABAG funds?

One dealer suggested an answer; which fits in with known facts:

"He had a sickly sort of grin like a country boy who came to town saying 'I hope they don't find

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# Unhappy Reagan--how he likes to be back on the banquet circuit

By Syd Kossen

Ronald Reagan is unhappy with his work.

This is no longer just Jesse Unruh's opinion, though the Assembly Speaker, a man with consuming political ambition of his own, was the first to observe publicly that Reagan, after a year in office, does not like being governor.

Others close to the Sacramento scene have begun noticing Reagan's distaste, too, for his official responsibilities.

The Governor seems happiest when he is back on the Republican banquet circuit, tossing off fast quips, preaching economy in government, deploring crime in the streets, calling for old-fashioned self-reliance and raising money for the GOP.

Answering a reporter's question at last week's press conference he said he does, too, like the job of governor. That presumably makes it official. But in his office, Reagan appears to be restless and defensive. He grants fewer private interviews. Communications Director Lyn Nofziger is said to have a growing "shit list" of newspapers critical of the Administration.

## DISMAL SOCIETY

Reagan's Creative Society is a dismal society. He boasts that he brought businesslike practices to government. Shades of Herbert Hoover! His steady decline in statewide polls indicates that many persons who voted for him wish they hadn't.

Few California newspapers editorially saluted the dawn of Reagan's second year in office. The Ventura County Star Free Press viewed his first year's work as a magnificent performance of sorts.

"To have kept Californians con-



vinced that he is doing a good job on the basis of his mediocre record is achievement enough," the paper said. "But to have parlayed an unimpressive year as governor into serious consideration as a potential president of the U.S. is a political phenomenon unique in our times."

The conservative Los Angeles Times has rapped Reagan's views on higher education, criticized his cuts in mental hygiene and challenged his figures on medical aid to the needy.

The Sacramento Bee says in its liberal editorial voice that Reagan talks as if government consists only of the Department of Finance.

"Having failed last year to cut and trim state government cost as much as he had promised," the Bee notes, "Reagan resolves anew to do a better job with the shears."

"Other objectives: Tax reform, tuition fees for the University of California, tougher crime laws, tighter statutes against pornography and a secret ballot law so the members of labor unions may decide policy."

"Here are no horizons higher than the counting room ceiling. . .

His objectives are dominated by punitiveness, suspicion of labor leaders, hostility to education and reverence for the dollar. No compassion or humanity breaks through the accountant's obsession."

## ROCKY'S BUDGET

Reagan's new \$5.7 billion budget is only slightly higher than Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's \$5.5 billion. Yet the California and New York state spending plans reflect sharp philosophical differences between these two potential presidential candidates.

The New York Republican calls for \$856 million in new spending, including broad changes and improvements in the Empire State's social insurance programs to help relieve poverty and assist people in the ghettos.

George Miller Jr., gravel-voiced chairman of the State Senate Finance Committee, says Reagan's budget is a "cruel hoax on the taxpayers." The Martinez Democrat points out that the Governor promises \$216 million in property tax relief but at the same time cuts school aid, Medi-Cal, welfare and state funds for local hospital construction.

"Home owners pay both state and local taxes. The Governor is taking away with one hand what he would hand out with the other in promised local tax relief."

The other day a group of conservative Texans started beating the drums for Reagan for President. My recent travels through the Lone Star State leave me convinced the California's chief executive and those Texans are worthy of each other. They share Reagan's lack of vision and his distrust of the sick, the poor, the unemployed and, of course, the college student who protests U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

# They are after YOU, friend

Probably the most disgusting of all Texasisms is a favorite of the Great Redneck in the White House as he instructs both Generals and GIs in Viet Nam and police chiefs and mayors in the U.S.—"Whup 'em till they comes sick, and then whup 'em for comin' sick."

This has replaced "In God We Trust" on the dollar bill, by special act of Congress, by any number of special acts, designed to reduce or suspend all social welfare for Black people, with the deliberate purpose of provoking them to violence, and by other acts, arming the police and National Guard for civil war.

The poor innocent upper middle class hippies in Haight Ashbury cannot understand what happened to them the other Sunday. They exchange myths and speculations and conjectures about "what provoked the fuzz?" Nothing provoked them.

They were ordered into action by a convergence of policy coming from the White House, the Mayor's office and the Chamber of Commerce. It was a dry run for massacre. The power structure knows full well that the hippies are defenseless and without politically significant defenders. They can be used with impunity as white mice for testing the techniques of domestic genocide.

## Domestic police

Today, as unemployment amongst Black people steadily grows in the midst of a wartime

boom, as there is more, not less, segregation in schools and homes than there was 10 years ago, as discrimination by the major trade unions of the U.S. not only continues unabashed, but is underlined by phony, sarcastic "tokenism," the government brings home from Viet Nam special forces experts, Green Berets, and CIA anti-guerrilla advisors from the "under-developed" -- that is, mutinous -- nations, and attaches them to the domestic police. Our custodians of law and order are now being coached by skilled technicians in murder called home

## Kenneth Rexroth

from the jungles of Africa and South America and from the streets of Asian cities.

If the Straight Theater were raided, the crowd held back by police at the exits and the whole place gassed, if coffee shops were gassed while full of people -- even to the extent of shooting the stuff through the letter slot after the people had locked themselves in -- if then, as the crowds escaped blinded and strangling, they were clubbed to the ground as they ran the gauntlet of obscenely laughing uniformed police -- if all this happened to utterly harmless people -- what will happen to Hunters Point and the Fillmore once the techniques have been perfected and the agents provocateurs, of which there are plenty, have provoked an "incident?"

The Heat may be stupid, but the Power Structure that orders them into action is not. Johnson, Alioto, Cahill and the Chamber of Commerce are sly indeed. They know well that the Black people and the old time radicals, the Burton machine and the colored politicians, who are the indigenous population of Haight Ashbury, hate the hippies and want them driven away.

## "Neo-Fascist"

A favorite word of our local mogul, each time he apologizes for terrorism on TV, beginning with the unprovoked onslaught on the demonstrators at the Fairmont against a genocidist, is "Neo-Fascist." I don't know about the "Neo," but I sure know who is in fact a plain unprefix Fascist.

What to do about it? It is going to get infinitely worse, for at least a generation, before it gets better. My advice is to get out of the country before it's too late, while you can still take your savings, if any, with you.

The great German pacifist Osiendowski said, "A man speaks with a hollow voice across a frontier." But he died voiceless in Moabit. The Nazis locked the entire Jewish population of Bordeaux in the synagogue, kept them a week without food or water and then gassed the survivors through the barred windows. It is all there, on a marble slab, with all the fine aristocratic Sephardic names, families who had been in the Bordeaux country since Roman times.

Do you want your name on a slab on the wall of the Straight Theater?

# INSIDE

BRIEFS  
FROM HERE  
AND  
THERE

KQED's Newspaper of the Air has been worth much of the steaming and lathering it's been getting, but some of its exclusives weren't quite so exclusive.

ITEM: The reason no one but Channel 9 covered the Stokely Carmichael speech in Oakland was the \$1,000 per camera charge set by the black militant sponsors. The fee was waived for KQED (which appeared, it is worth noting, with an integrated camera crew.) KQED editors made much of the scoop, but said nothing of the financial strings. It refused to give the tape to the FBI (quite proper) and to other commercial networks (which raises interesting questions for an educational channel in "competition" with commercial networks subjected to obvious discrimination.)

ITEM: Charles Howe's draft board story came straight from The Bay Guardian.

ITEM: Carolyn Anspacher's Feb. 22 report on a sex education project in the San Francisco schools was done by Jerry Belser in the Sunday Examiner some six months before.

Its two greatest news moments: a clean beat, the night before his press conference, that John Summerskill was resigning as president of San Francisco State; the pointed grilling of Mayor Alioto two days after the Haight-Ashbury riot. There is little doubt but what this putting of Alioto to the sword, publicly before his constituency, was a prime factor in convincing him to reverse field. A superb use of television news.

KQED's plans to continue its Newspaper of the Air, on Sunday nights only, will create fascinating problems. Par example: both the Chronicle and the Examiner, notably the Chronicle with its television station, have been extremely skittish about appearances of their talent on KQED. It's been a behind-the-scenes battle for years.

Now, after their finest have been on display for weeks, the publishers' attitude may be softening. Scott Newhall, the Chronicle's executive editor, Monday night virtually claimed the program for the Chronicle.

The main questions, however, rest with KQED: how can it put together a good competitive news program with newspaper regulars whose first loyalties must lie elsewhere? If the program is competitive (and there's little point in continuing it if it isn't competitive with both the dailies and the commercial stations), how can it be so without an independent staff?

Well, despite what the strike bulletin said, there still is stiff competition left in San Francisco journalism. Where, you ask? Between the city's two giveaway shoppers -- the San Francisco Shopping News and the San Francisco Progress.

The Shopping News, published by James McClatchy of the Sacramento-Modesto-Fresno Bee McClatchys, has sprung to life during the strike and is seriously trying to challenge the Progress, staid and fat with neighborhood store ads, for the first time.

It began printing news during the strike (with the help of the Examiner's Lynn Ludlow, Russ Cone, Stanley Eichelbaum and Syd Kossen), announced a contest for a name to match the new image, hired away the Progress's able editor, E. Cahill Maloney, and set about doing what McClatchy has always wanted to do: publish a newspaper in San Francisco. The McClatchy family has long gazed covetously upon San Francisco, but the Shopping News is Jim McClatchy's lone wolf project.

S. F. State Prof. Leonard Wolf was acquitted of "contributing to the delinquency of minors" on Feb. 8, but the English teacher and poet isn't out of court yet. This time he's making the charges. He socked United Press International with a \$1,100,000 libel suit for an Oct. 19 news story about the nude dancing incident at the Straight Theater -- which got Wolf into court in the first place.

UPI retracted the story about three hours after it was transmitted. "We weren't asked to retract, we just noticed there was some wrong information in it," Joe Morgan, UPI Pacific Division news manager, said. The retraction was neither complete enough nor fast enough, Wolf's attorneys maintain. UPI has filed a motion to dismiss the suit.

Meanwhile, Wolf's "Happening House" has resumed its business of providing a Drop-In for the Drop-Outs who make up most of the Haight's nester population. "I won't be as closely connected as before, but not because of the trial," he told the Guardian. Wolf, who founded and operated Happening House virtually by himself, will concentrate on writing and recruit regular students to carry on at the House.

## SAIGON INTELLIGENCE:

The scene: Saigon when the first VC and North Vietnamese forces launched their massive attack on the city three weeks ago. Newsmen are huddled in the press shack preparing to go out and cover the invasion. A loudspeaker crackles and the briefer announces that the brunt of the enemy concentration is centered around the Phu To racetrack and Saigon's scruffy 18-hole golf course near Tan Son Nhut Air Base. "Terrific," exclaims Charlie Mohr, New York Times correspondent, "I guess we can all go and get drunk, and let Sports Illustrated cover the rest of the action."





## I saw no clubbing, says police captain

By our correspondent

There was no unnecessary use of clubs by police during the Haight - Ashbury riot, Supervising Capt. Edward Cummins told The Bay Guardian last week.

Asked about numerous reports of police clubbings, he said: "I never saw any clubbing at all out there."

The Mace hand spray, which has a similar effect on a victim as tear gas, is supposed to take the place of the night stick, he pointed out.

Cummins also warned that tear gas would be used again in similar disturbances, "but only as a last resort."

He felt police were being "unjustly attacked" in allegations of the use of excessive force. Mayor Joseph Alioto's sturdy defense of police action he also thought was a "very good morale factor" for police.

The riot in the Haight-Ashbury surprised the police, he said. "No one was expecting anything to happen out there," he said.

But he thought it followed "a pattern" of violence which included the Oakland Induction Center riots last year and the Fairmont Hotel disturbance last month.

Cummins, however, blamed the riot on a "criminal element" that

—continued on page 10

# The Haight Riot--first gas, then incense and carnations

Sunday, Feb. 25. Since 3 p.m. five blocks of Haight St. have been closed to auto traffic. All the way from Masonic to Stanyan, the streets leading to Haight Street are blocked off by policemen. Only pedestrians are allowed.

After the violence of last Sunday, it is amazing to see cops, sorry, policemen, with carnations in their lapels, giving the V for victory sign. It is amazing to see a city Litter Patrol truck, festooned with people, cruising slowly down the Street, the driver grinning.

Oranges fly in the air. Loudspeakers have been shoved into windows and the music of this generation—folk rock—trickles into the street. Even tourists are startled.

Instead of a flying wedge of police, a wedge of people march up the street. They have brooms. They are cleaning the street. A man marches with a water hose, looking like the spirit of '76, before them. There are white and black men together. THEY CLEAN THE STREET.

Is this revolution? Are people still being killed in Vietnam? Are the black ghettos still seething? Yes.

But if you are courageous enough to look at things as they are, and not impose ideology on them, then there is encouragement in what is happening this Sunday afternoon.

Suddenly you hear the sound of whistles coming (which the people use to warn the street of cops coming.) From my window on the Street I see a squad of four policemen, their gas shields on their heads, but raised. They walk quiet and contained. Suddenly, the people begin to clap. The clapping rises to a crescendo, and two

or three hippies run up to the squad of four, stretching out their hands. They dance along the police for many yards, offering to shake. The police walk impassive, trying not to smile.

The People Dance in The Street.

By William Anderson

What a difference a week makes.

Why was Haight St. filled with tear gas one Sunday and incense and carnations the next? What made the difference between William Anderson's hopeful report above and his glum story below?

The answer seems to be that Mayor Joseph Alioto had a change of heart.

The day after the riot (Monday, Feb. 19), phone calls and letters protesting the violent tactics of the police poured into the mayor's office. This continued all week.

Tuesday night, Alioto appeared on KQED's "Newspaper of the Air" and was grilled, politely but pointedly and persistently, by veteran reporters Dave Perlman and Mike Harris. For example: Reports were, Mr. Mayor, that

—continued on page 10

## RIOT FACTS AT A GLANCE

- ◆ Seven persons were injured, plus one police officer who got flying glass in an eye.
- ◆ Fifty-six persons were arrested. Forty-three were charged with misdemeanor offenses such as resisting arrest or blocking Haight St. Thirteen were charged with felony assault on a police officer. One person was charged with possessing a deadly weapon—a piece of wood.
- ◆ Hundreds were temporarily blinded from the effects of tear gas—the first time it has been used in San Francisco since the violent dock strikes in the 1930s.
- ◆ Cars were damaged and Haight St. was turned into a sea of smashed glass from the hundreds of bottles that were thrown at police from rooftops and first-floor windows.

## Gas -- the crowd didn't believe it

By William Anderson

We Americans are the luckiest people in the world. We're never bombed; we have good things to eat. But some of us are luckier than others. The hippies are very lucky indeed. They don't think they have to work. Who are they to think they don't have to work?

All of us try to preserve our luck in different ways. The hippies live in the Haight-Ashbury. Others visit there, hoping the luck will live off. It doesn't.

At about 7:30 on Sunday evening, Feb. 18, I stood on the corner of Haight and Shrader St. Looking west to the park, at the height of the riot in the Haight-Ashbury, I saw a line of 18 policemen marching up the street, two abreast. They carried riot weapons and extra-long clubs; they wore gas masks over their faces. As they neared the corner of Haight and Shrader, one of the policemen leading the squad gave a little hop, a little skip of exuberance.

I moved back. I am a black man. I know. But a white couple, both middle-aged, stood their ground on the corner, only four or five feet from the troopers passing by. One of the trooper's spoke to them. I was too far away to hear exactly what he said, but doggone if the woman didn't wheel around, grab her man and pull him down the street. The man was reluctant to go, but the woman knew better. She literally pulled him halfway down Shrader St. to their house. They disappeared in the door and reappeared a few minutes later in a second-story window.

She leaned out the window and began to yell in a hysterical, monotonous voice, "Get off the street, get off the street!"

Gas Cloud

Walking back to Haight St. I looked at the squad marching to the center of the disturbance, near Cole and Haight. Suddenly I heard, amid the crackle of blanks firing, the deeper boom of tear gas canisters going off, seven or eight of them. Within five minutes, half a block of Haight St. was absolutely blanketed by tear gas. Into the cloud marched the troopers. Nothing except the sound of blanks and the boom of canisters could be heard.

There had been gas in the streets

long before this, but now I couldn't make out what was happening because the gas was so thick it blocked sight. To the east the street lights shone through the white cloud, illuminating it. The policemen nearest me were silhouetted against the gas.

Half an hour earlier, I stood at the corner of Haight and Belvedere. The crowd there was pretty quiet. I stood in front of a grocery store. The steel gates in front of the store were closed. I could see the terrified face of the Chi-

nese owner peering out. A cop sat on his motorcycle only 10 feet from me. Suddenly he turned to a nearby hippie and said, "It's people like you who start things like this!" And the two of them began to argue, quietly and seriously.

Most of the policemen, concentrated on Haight between Cole and Belvedere, were herding the crowds in waves; first the crowd moved back from Cole, the long nightsticks waving at them; then

—continued on page 10

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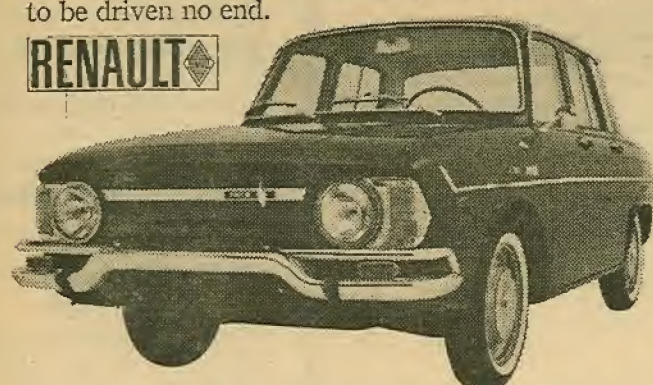
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# THE BAY GUARDIAN

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## Utilities 'man' on PUC

By our correspondent

SACRAMENTO — Last week's front page disclosure in The Bay Guardian that utility companies got their own man appointed to the powerful State Public Utilities Commission rocketed up to the State Capitol here to embarrass Gov. Reagan.

Capitol newsmen pressed Reagan at his weekly press conference to say whether he knew PUC Commissioner Fred P. Morrissey had been recommended by the utilities.

But Reagan, smiling easily, slipped most of the questions. Recommendations came by way of screening committees, he said. He did not know of any utilities' choices.

But it was perfectly all right, he said for the utilities to recommend someone. "After all, they have quite a stake in this, too," he continued.

One significant comment came when a reporter pointed out to him that this was the first time that one of the utilities' PUC choices had been appointed.

He replied: "Well, now, that wouldn't be strange in view of the philosophy of the previous administration."

In other words, the PUC during Brown's administration protected the consumer.

Former Gov. Brown, incidentally, congratulated The Guardian on its story and added: "This guy (Reagan) is so pro-business, it's not even funny."

One curious note: Reagan, asked about the Pacific Telephone rate hearings, said: "I don't think it would be proper to comment while they are still in progress."

That consideration did not stop the Governor from suggesting early last year during the hearings that the telephone company was not getting a fair deal from the PUC.

The Guardian's story also drew a bitter letter (See Page \*) from Hiram Johnson III, San Francisco attorney and grandson of Hiram Johnson, governor, senator and founder of the PUC.

He described the story as "a shocker."

Here is the question-and-answer transcript of part of Governor

## Reagan slips questions

Reagan's press conference:

Q Governor, this is on another subject. In December, the President of Southern Pacific testified at a PUC hearing that there was a list submitted to you by the utilities of nominees or possible nominees to the Public Utilities Commission. Do you have any comment on that?

A I have never seen such a list.

Q Well, when your screening committees were picking up names throughout the state, what part did the utilities play in that?

A Well, I wouldn't know. I know that the screening committees, north and south, sought personnel, certain qualifications for jobs, and what steps they took or who all they contacted I wouldn't know other than that from all that I can gather they were pretty broad. They really combed the state, but I have never had any such list.

Q Do you see anything wrong with—if there was such a list as the president testified, do you see anything wrong with the general idea of obtaining names from a utility among others who you obtained names from?

A Well, I certainly would take this into consideration. Obviously the Utilities Commission is supposed to represent all of the people of California, which would include the utilities as well as the customers, but to make sure that the best interest of the state and to the people of the state was served, that would be a consideration. Actually, I had a conversation at one time with one utilities head, oh, many months back, during the primary campaign and I was quite gratified to hear him personally express his belief that the Public Utilities Commission should be made up of people who would have as a top priority they represented the customer, the people of California, and as I say, I was gratified and I thought it was a proper—a proper approach to this. But this was just simply in a social conversation; it wasn't any meeting of any kind or any discussion or recommendation.

Q Do you think that the PUC in the hearings on the telephone rate case is conforming to that ideal of putting the customers' interest first?

A I haven't followed those hearings. I've been waiting. I'd rather not comment on the hearings. I don't think it would be proper to comment while they are still in progress.

Q Governor, on the same subject, were you aware that Mr. Morrissey, before you appointed him to the PUC, had been screened by a committee of utilities executives, including Sherman Chickering of San Francisco, and had been approved by them and submitted to you? Was that true?

A I wouldn't — as I told you, I wouldn't know. The committee, screening committees who screened employees never gave me a single choice or a recommendation. They screened a group of people and handed a list to me and in every instance they were people that were qualified by knowledge and experience for the positions that were under discussion and I not only used those, but used other feed-in myself in making my decision.

Q Governor, Mr. Tom Woods (former appointments secretary) told me that in Morrissey's case he was his personal recommendation to you.

A Well, if it was a personal recommendation, it came by way of these committees. It is true from time to time there have been people who have expressed individually their favoritism, whether it was for the director of finance or what it might be, but this —

Q Can I ask you, assuming that Mr. Chickering is speaking the truth, do you think it is proper for you to appoint the man put up by the utilities?

A A man what?

Q Assuming that what Mr. Chickering says is true, do you consider it proper to put up — to appoint a man put up by the utilities?

A I don't know that he was exactly put up. I think it is possible —

Q But he was recommended by them. A I think it is possible for them to recommend someone. After all they have quite a stake in this, too. The commission, as I said before, has to represent their best interests as well as the people of California or it is not a very good commission.

Q But they say they did this regularly, whenever a vacancy was coming up on the PUC, however this is the first time one of their choices has been appointed.

A Well, now, that wouldn't be strange in view of the philosophy of the previous administration.

Q Governor, you mentioned the consumers interest in the PUC. A man regarded as the hero of the consumer, William Bennett his appointment expires in December. Do you anticipate he'll be re-appointed?

A When does it expire?

(Laughter)

A Midnight on December 31, I believe.

Next year. Well —


Q This year.

A That's a long way away. Let me say I shall be keeping an eye on that particular appointment.

Q I just wondered if you'd elaborate on your statement that that isn't strange considering the difference in the philosophy between the PUC and the previous administration and yours with regard to the utility administration. What is that difference?

A Well, I think this is a philosophy — philosophical difference that I've discussed in a number of political meetings and speeches in that I believe that the private enterprise system as viewed by the opposition party, both nationally and I think this was true at the state level, the system was viewed as only possible if it was much more regulated, controlled and regimented by government, and I believe that a little more individual freedom, not only in the free enterprise system for all individuals, and that's been apparent in my philosophy — I just do not believe in excess government control or planned economy.

illustration



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# SF State's Summerskill:

By John Burks

John Summerskill had to resign as president of San Francisco State College before he could begin to say the things that have needed saying almost since he took the job a year and a half ago:

That the Reagan administration is taking California's education system to hell in a handbasket, that the state colleges are drastically under-budgeted, that politicians who don't know and don't care about education are taking over the state system, that our campuses are in danger of "totalitarian rule."

The point is that Dr. Summerskill, having tuned in on the problems of California education, now turns off and drops out—rather than fight the know-nothing Reagan-Rafferty axis.

Summerskill put together a dandy parting statement. It said all the right things. But after all, when you're quitting, it's not so tough to prepare a slashing farewell. Risks are less than minimal. How much more courageous, had Summerskill said all this—and carried on as President. Sure, the reactionaries would have attacked him. Eventually, they might have thrown him out, but he'd have gone down with flags flying.

#### Saviour from without

That would have required a different sort of man. Summerskill quit (effective next September) because, he said, he felt he could accomplish more for education from without than from within.

He spoke of the failure of "the present administration in Sacramento" (ever the gentleman, Summerskill did not, until forced to, attack Reagan by name) "to give higher education the constructive leadership it requires and deserves from that quarter."

Later, Reagan's press secretary, Paul Beck, sniffed that Summerskill himself has failed to provide any constructive leadership at SF State. I phoned to ask whether Beck was speaking directly for the

Governor. No, Beck answered, he was speaking "for the administration." The Governor himself will have a direct comment only if somebody pops him the question at a press conference, his press officer suggested, and if that doesn't sound like an invitation—?

Because every dollar that goes to support the work of 190,000 students and 9,000 faculty in the 19 state colleges is earmarked in advance by the legislature, line by line, item by item, educators "have no power to shift emphasis," said Summerskill, "no matter how urgent the need."

"How then do we answer the critics who claim that education is out of step with the times, that we do now have the intellectual or professional ability to change direction when necessary? One answer is to revise the archaic budgetary system. Another is to remove higher education from the political arena."

The colleges, said SF State's handsome young (42) lame duck, are now "vulnerable to politics at every turn"—and who should know better than Summerskill, after the broiling he received from Rafferty-Reagan-Unruh & Co. in the wake of December's near riots.

#### Curious timing . . .

Indeed, the timing of Summerskill's resignation, scarcely a month after his exoneration by the trustees, suggests to some that some sort of deal was hatched between Summerskill and the very politicians he now indirectly attacks. Summerskill, of course, denies this, and he always seems such a good guy, so open and so honest that he's hard to disbelieve. Nonetheless, the timing remains curious, to say the least.

"If," Summerskill continues, "elected officials decide to run the college as some advocate, what next? Will the state government run the hospitals and diagnose and prescribe for patients? Will politicians design bridges and build highways?" He resoundingly urges Californians to stand firm, to fight

it out with the "headline-seeking" politicians (unfortunately, however he finds himself unable to do the same).

And that, aside from some laudatory passages about SF State and her students, plus some cautionary advice to journalists to avoid using an "inflammatory word," was about all there was to his statement. Far from the "scathing denunciation" one TV commentator thought he heard.

#### BSU influence?

Wasn't his departure a victory for the militant Black Students Union, a reporter asked. Hadn't some of the militants wanted to get rid of him? Well, no, Summerskill didn't see this as a BSU victory; in fact, he felt the college had come a long way toward understanding the black people.

But when he was asked whether he might have remained, if the BSU-led December disturbances had never happened, Summerskill answered: "It's possible."

What role did Reagan play in his decision to quit?

Summerskill paused, grinned boyishly, said, "I have been careful not to give publicity to the opposition." Ah, Reagan was the OPPOSITION? Another pause, after which Summerskill allowed as how the governor doesn't seem to care much about the problems of education.

#### Running away?

Somebody articulated the obvious question: By resigning, isn't Summerskill open to the charge that he's running away from the very problems which he says matter so much to him? He said he was sure some people would say that, but it wasn't so; he still was going to make his contribution to racial understanding and higher education. He didn't say exactly how he'd manage this. If he's got a job he's not ready to talk about it. (Among others he's been offered the presidency of Reed College in Oregon.)

Reporters were handed a copy of a statement by Dr. Glenn S.

## tunes in, turns on, dropout



Dumke, Chancellor of the State Colleges, which began "I am sorry . . .". Not VERY sorry, not EXTREMELY DISTRESSED, not really worked up about Summerskill's resignation.

The whole thing was decidedly stinting in its praise. It must have posed a dilemma of some proportions to Dumke, a Republican, a friend of Reagan's, yet he could not be entirely unpleasant to the SF State president, for fear of kicking up a storm from Summerskill's colleagues. (Already, the head of SF State's art department has announced his resignation in sympathy with Summerskill, and faculty members predict a wave of departures, depending on the trustees' choice of a successor.)

#### Students dismayed

Taking in account his anti-war sentiments and his activity in the field of civil rights, Summerskill had been generally popular at SF State. Students I talked with seemed genuinely distressed over the

resignation. "I think it's a travesty," said 29-year-old journalism major Larry Maatz. "By and large I think the man has done a good job. I doubt anybody could have done better." The "conservative Establishment," in Maatz' view, "set up a climate for education where a guy like Summerskill simply couldn't function."

A pair of sophomore girls echoed those sentiments. "I hate to think what kind of a president they'll give us next," said the red-head. "It's really going to get up-tight on campus now," said her brunette friend.

I phoned to get a reaction from Dr. Max Rafferty, our ultra-fundamentalist Superintendent of Public Instruction now running for the U.S. Senate. Rafferty, says we need "decisive" men in education, instead of the "tweedy, pipe-smoking Summerskill type who, like Hamlet, are 'all pale and sickly'd o'er with thought', and take months to make up their minds." Max evidently is looking for a thinking man's non-thinking man.

Who would make a good successor to Summerskill?

#### Gen. Lemay on tap?

"At a campus like that," said Max, "you need a guy like Curtis Lemay." Rafferty hoped I wouldn't think he was being facetious. He really feels a "decisive" man like Lemay, former head of the Strategic Air Command and a raging right-winger, would be a bang-up president for SF State.

Lemay could not be reached for comment.

But former Gov. Edmund G. Brown was available, so I asked him. "Curtis Lemay?" said Brown. "He's the fella who wants to drop the big one on Red China, isn't he? I guess Rafferty wants him to drop the big one on San Francisco State."

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## Our latest dropout

When John Summerskill assumed command at San Francisco State College in the fall of 1966, most who met him decided he was too good to be true.

Here at last was an administrator who was approachable, witty, feisty, bright, young -- and liberal. He had style and an elan that fit the spiffy San Francisco image. He was a good guy.

His first year, however, was largely a study in administrative procrastination: it took him months to name a vice-president, he delayed other appointments, deferred key decisions on policy and curriculum. Many faculty members were turning to him for leadership, but Summerskill made it clear, by word and by deed, that he looked upon the presidency as a mediator did upon factions and that he subscribed to the notion that he who governs least, governs best.

His second year was rougher. Much rougher. The anti-draft forces and the blacks stepped up their militancy. Summerskill, an outspoken liberal in residence on one of the nation's few colleges with a subsidized racial establishment, suddenly became the enemy in the devil theory which sustains the far, far left. No longer was he the good guy who marched with his students in the Anti-Vietnam Day parade or dropped in at their apartment late at night for a chat.

He still had trouble making decisions in a job where decisions must be made quickly. He didn't want to act, but was finally forced to, when 11 blacks stomped hell out of the 126-pound editor of the school daily. Later, he stupidly jumped on sexual athlete Jeff Poland and Blair Paltridge, Open Process editor, for publishing a dirty poem instead of putting the matter up to horselaughs or to the orderly processes of student discipline. This spiraled into the December disturbances, the uproar in Sacramento and the Reagan/Rafferty/Unruh/Board of trustees rampage.

Now Summerskill is leaving. It is a personal as well as an institutional tragedy. Summerskill is leaving, he says, because neither the Reagan administration nor the Democratic opposition wants to provide money enough and support enough for higher education. He's a builder and there's nothing left to build with.

It is easy to sympathize with this liberal and humane man: his was an impossible job in an impossible time. But the political and educational stakes are much too high to pass over this defection lightly and to cast stones,

as many liberals are, only at the dreadful pressures he was up against.

His faculty and student body stood largely behind him and, for the first time, a viable growing alumni association. He could have rallied considerable support, maybe not enough, for more money and for more political autonomy. What he said at his downtown press conference, upon resignation, could have been said in his campus office, upon entering battle.

His decision fragments the state liberal and educational community even further, leaves the campus open to a deadly pincers movement

from the right and the far, far left and, worst of all, opens up the presidency for another Aristotelian Reagan appointment. Curtis Lemay, John Burks quotes Max Rafferty as saying on page 7, is the man for the job.

Next time, when the classroom liberal is chosen for high educational office, let us trust he has not only Summerskill's virtues of intellect, personality and outlook, but that he has the courage and stamina to fight the good fight. The concept of college administration by dialogue and goodwill, we are sorry to report, must be suspended for the duration.

## 'Go hang yourself'

Who's going to run California university and state college campuses? The politically appointed regents or trustees? Or the professional educators hired by these citizen bodies?

These are the crucial questions as the roster of college war dead grows, as California regents and state board trustees meddle more and more in the everyday operations of their academic constituencies and as Vietnam and the angry, ghettos, Reagan and Rafferty, put higher education to the gauntlet in California.

The two boards hire presidents, then refuse the authority necessary to carry out their duties. Lay members, along with state officers who serve as ex officio members, meddle continually. (Meddling, incidentally, sometimes does pay off. Trustee Charles Luckman, an internationally known architect, discovered recently that Sacramento's economy-minded builders planned to build a huge classroom building at Sacramento State without toilets. The thinking was that students and faculty could zip next door, when necessary, Luckman got the toilets into the building. The screws begin to tighten across all fronts. Instead of meddling in internal and intramural college affairs, regents and trustees should spend their time and energies supporting and defending the institutions they represent. This is where the work is cut out for them.

They should be fighting for adequate funds. They should be seeking top appointments for the four university chancellorships opening up -- UCLA, San Francisco Medical Center, San Diego and Davis. These are critical posts and won't be easy to fill with the state's

current educational ratings.

Most important, they should take to heart and to the defense of their schools two crucial points made in Henry Steel Commager's excellent article, "The University as Employment Agency," in the current New Republic.

The first has to do with the pressure on colleges over recruitment practices. Says Commager:

"The university is not an employment agency; it is not an adjunct of corporations; it is not an instrument of government. Wherever feasible the university should make available its facilities to legitimate educational enterprises. It is under no obligation whatsoever to make its facilities available to what is not educational."

Guide No. 1.

The second has to do with the discourtesy and violence so loudly deplored in demonstrations. Commager quotes a famous abolitionist:

"You must not expect those who have left to take up this great cause (of abolition) that they will plead it in all that seemliness of phrase which the scholars ... might use. But the scholars and the clergy and the statesmen had done nothing. We abolitionists are what we are -- babes, sucklings, obscure men, silly women, publicans, sinners, and we shall manage the matter we have taken in hand just as might be expected of such persons as we are. It is unbecoming in abler men who stood by, and would do nothing, to complain of us because we manage this matter no better."

Guide No. 2.

If reasonable guides such as these are not followed in defense of the university, this generation of respectable administrators, trustees and regents may yet hear from their students the quote-Commager selects from Henry IV:

"Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arques and you were not there."

... To the editor ...

To the editor:

Your lead story in the Feb. 16th issue of the Bay Guardian, regarding the appointment of a "utilities man" to the State Public Utilities Commission, if true, is a shocker. It is as though an accused were asked to step up alongside the judges on the bench to assist them in determining whether he is guilty or not. It indicates a complete misconception by the appointing power of the purpose and duties of this commission.

Hiram Johnson created this commission, then called the Railroad Commission, in 1910 and the first elected board took office in January of 1911. The political spine of the state was, at that time, crushed under the heel of the monopolistic Southern Pacific Railroad Co.

Indeed, the battle cry of the 43-year-old candidate, which ended

1968 - Bay Guardian Co.



Through a glass, darkly

## A change of heart

These two Bob Bastian cartoons neatly catch the difference between the Sunday of gas and the Sunday of carnations in the Haight-Ashbury. The difference was, as Wilbur Wood reports on page 5, largely due to a change of heart by Mayor Joe Alioto.

The man who again used the epithet "neofascist," who again backed up the police without audible qualification, last Sunday changed signals. He carefully laid lines of communication into the Haight community, honored longtime petitions by closing down Haight St. on Sunday and gained, for the moment, some empathy with key hippy representatives. We toast Alioto for his change of heart.

This contact between the hippies and city hall, however tenuous, should be maintained. It will be good for both parties.

The larger point, however, is that riot and violence and the Carmichael/Panther/H. Rapp Brown syndrome and the arming of police are in the air. A Vietnam looms in our cities.

Only when we move toward the end of war, and we can demonstrate in Washington and in city hall in San Francisco the readiness to spend for reconstruction at home instead of devastation abroad, can we expect to change this poisoned atmosphere.

In the meantime, as William Anderson says about Alioto and the hippies, "If you are courageous enough to look at things as they are, and not impose ideology on them, then there is encouragement in what is happening this Sunday morning."



City Joe and the wish

every one of his speeches, and which elected him, was: "If I am elected Governor of the State of California, I shall kick the Southern Pacific out of the politics of this state!" And he did just that through the creation of this commission's predecessor.

His commission, and this one, had extraordinary powers. They are investigatory as well as judicial. Thus, the commission can institute inquiries on its own motion, and thereafter render decisions on its findings. These functions are essential, and peculiarly so, when dealing with utilities that the people must use, and particularly when those utilities are monopolies.

In such a case, as for example, the telephone company, the citizens must use the services of the monopoly or have no service at all. Such a monopoly should be permitted to exist as a monopoly only under a demonstrably needed public interest, and only insofar and for so long as it shows that it operates for public convenience and nec-

essity.

If it be true that one of the new appointees to the Public Utilities Commission is a telephone rate specialist, and has been in the company's employ, it would seem obvious that he would be disqualified from sitting on an application of his former employer for a \$181,000,000 rate increase, or any subject that affected the profits of that company at the expense of the people of the state.

I personally detest big government regulation in every instance where it can be avoided. The exception lies in a public utility that is a monopoly.

Whatever the propriety of a monopoly utility's case, it should under no circumstances be decided by individuals beholden or notably partial to it. Such individuals are simply ineligible and their appointments are wrong. In such a case, the public is naked and defenseless, and the decision is weighted in advance against the people.

Hiram Johnson III

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# Help the brothers, Mr. Mayor

By William Anderson

Since the recent elections in San Francisco, many Californians have been anxious to see what progress can be made toward alleviating the plight of the Negro. (These elections brought to office the first Negro mayor of a western city and a black majority on the Board of Supervisors.)

On taking office, Mayor Jack T. Jackson stated that he would try to solve the problem of jobs for black men and other minority groups.

## Heavy on computers

Mayor Jackson's first move was to retain the Standard Research Institute of Palo Alto to prepare a planning report called a Systems Approach to Poverty. This report was to illustrate the same kind of thinking that has led to our modern approaches to war, and it depended on the heavy use of computers to "interrelate data with no apparent common points of reference" -- a phrase that is certainly descriptive of the modern-day ghetto anywhere.

1. The title of the report was "A Games Approach to Poverty," modeled after the wellknown game of Monopoly. "Living in the ghetto," said one senior planner at SRI, "is like a game where every other turn one is directed to proceed directly to JAIL, do not pass GO, do not collect \$200."

2. The body of the report was devoted to analysis of six contingencies, along with plans for appropriate responses by the city in case any of the contingencies should actually occur. The six:

A. Coordinated destruction and arson -- known to the SRI Staff as "Fire."

B. Uncoordinated Looting and arson -- or "Diamonds."

C. Economic exploitation of a permanent low-skill labor pool -- or "Plantation."

D. Institutionalization of the war on poverty -- or "White Lady."

E. Self-help and grass-roots involvement as a way of life -- or "Masturbation."

F. Integration -- or "Black Suburbia."

This approach seemed "frivolous" to Mayor Jackson. He cancelled the SRI contract and established an Office of Human Resources -- all of its members black -- to come up with specific proposals as fast as possible. This preliminary report:

San Francisco is a white collar city. Many of its workers are in business and technical occupations; a lot of professionals are drawn here by the fame of the city. In the future, the white collar character of the city will become even sharper, because almost all expansion of job opportunity will occur in white collar fields.

Meanwhile, a lot of people are in occupational trouble. Estimates based on Department of Labor figures indicate that around 8,000 black people are now without jobs.

When you add to this figure members of other minority groups without jobs, people who have become invisible to Department of Labor surveys because they have no permanent homes, people who have given up looking for work (whom the surveys do not include), and people who have jobs that pay only subsistence wages, then you have a figure perhaps as high as 25,000.

The number of blue collar jobs, particularly low-skill ones, is actually shrinking and the jobs that are left are locked up by the unions.

## Call them brothers

Most studies refer to people in occupational trouble as "hard-core unemployed" or "occupationally disadvantaged," but from now on we will call them "brothers." The brothers (and sisters) are very weak in educational background, skill training,

Could a Negro do what a white mayor cannot?

motivation and information. How can we get them to work?

Existing programs, set up to improve vocational education and skill training, establish literacy programs, provide training courses with pay and so forth, are so ineffective that you can't look on them as job programs at all. Rather, they are only efforts to reduce tension in the ghetto, especially during the summers, until we can find something that works.

At any rate, hiring the young brothers in the summer (at \$1.40 an hour) is like putting a Band-Aid on a skin cancer, Mr. Mayor. And the young brothers know it.

In spite of everything, the unemployment rate for losers in this city is still about 10%, for example, and the rate for the younger brothers is disastrous -- probably close to 30%.

In dollar income, the gap between the brothers and those white people, safe in the suburbs, is getting bigger, not smaller. "What do those Negroes want?" says the home-owner in the Sunset.

The hottest solution around now is the involvement of private money in the fight to eliminate the poor. But a businessman would be crazy to put a plant in the Fillmore unless he could get some tax advantage.

So why can't the city give him one?

For one thing, any tax advantage reduces the base from which the city derives its own revenues. This would mean reducing services in the whole city. It would be dumb even to consider this when we need increased services in the city -- mainly because of the desperate condition of the brothers in the ghetto -- in areas such as law enforcement, social services, public health and mental health and recreational facilities, etc.

## Urban Plantation

A real danger is that business may come to view the ghetto merely as a source of cheap labor. A kind of 20th century plantation.

How about supporting local small-business in the ghetto? There are several flaws to such a proposal:

1. The death rate for small business anywhere is very very high.

2. Management, accounting and fiscal, sales, production and marketing skills in the ghetto are damn hard to find.

3. If small businesses were really profitable, some white man would already be in the ghetto, making money.

The obvious thing to do is simply to nationalize present business and industry in the ghetto. This would be similar to the nationalization of industry by certain Latin American countries. This would certainly bring about the intervention of the CIA.

A delegation of brothers recently visited this office for an informal conference -- actually, they busted in -- at which a lot of interesting points were raised. One man, Mr. X, came here recently from Arkansas looking for work as an operating engineer. Back home he had done most of the things an operating engineer must do. However, he doesn't belong to the union and he can't read or write.

We suggested that this case showed the need for a really comprehensive survey of manpower

among the brothers, but Mr. X began shouting that he didn't want a manpower survey, he wanted a job.

## Goodbye, Mr. X

After Mr. X had been carried away, we went on to other matters. Discrimination, unrealistic job requirements. We cannot go into detail here, but it is hard to see why a written test is necessary to find out if a man is fit to take baggage from an airplane and put it on a ramp.

Talking to the brothers, we realized how important it is to think about the problem of jobs from the point of view of the brothers themselves. You know what we mean, Mr. Mayor; most of us feel that we have a job coming if we do right; and, indeed, the system is not unwilling to pay.

But the brothers and sisters in the ghetto know such a contract doesn't hold for them. We tell them to finish high school. O.K., they finish high school. Does the system now pay off?

Not according to the U.S. Census. A non-white with a high school diploma (and 90% of non-whites are Negroes) makes very little more a year than a white man with an eighth-grade education.

We could go on and on, Mr. Mayor, talking about things like inadequate education, lack of specific training, lack of references, arrest records, lack of information, fear, anger, despair -- but these are all symptoms of the social disease called failure.

Frankly, Mr. Mayor, we don't know ourselves as much about how the brothers live as we should. After all, the staff here is composed of middle-class Negroes. But we are beginning to find out.

Last Saturday, for example, a couple of us had a morning meeting with one of the younger brothers who has been working as a community organizer. We met at his house, a huge Victorian building in the ghetto called the Fillmore. He lives there with at least three other generations of his family.

The building itself was once a glorious place -- stained glass windows, parquet flooring, carved paneling, high ceilings -- but now one sees thick plastic covers on

ugly chairs, ugly lamps, cheap cloth pictures of "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." sofas made in snake-like curves.

The people of the house are shy as deer. We had coffee served ceremoniously from a silver-plated urn, as elaborate as a dragon. Yet, all the people of the house were engaged in a Saturday afternoon communion -- talking, listening to music, laughing, clucking at the children.

But in most of the ghetto life is not that good. We can now see



1968 - George Gardiner  
Bay Guardian Company

the second and sometimes third generation of brothers in the ghetto. Cut off from rural Southern traditions -- inadequate as they were -- most styles of life in the slums are not pretty.

The brothers who are old and defeated live in cheap hotels. They move from place to place, but their rooms are always lonely. A couple times a week, a whore comes in

to service the men. Then she goes away.

Where are the families of these men? Gone home to the mother's family. In Texas. In Mississippi. In the welfare tenements.

And what is a 19-year-old boy of the ghetto headed for? Not college; he knows better than to believe that. Not a permanent job either; he knows that he is pretty sure to have 20, 30 or more jobs in his life; all the experiences of the men around him support that knowledge.

## One more chance

One of the delegation of brothers who came to see us told an interesting story. This brother comes from a small Alabama town whose black people are too poor to support a minister. Somehow, though, the congregation talked a small, grey preacher into giving them a trial.

There was hardly any cash money, but they tried to do their best -- a bag of coal for the stove, a ham or sausage from the butchering. The families of the congregation took turns inviting him to Sunday dinner -- fried chicken and all.

But after a few weeks, even that little grey man had had enough. He stood in the pulpit one Sunday looking in amazement at the almost empty collection plate. Then he straightened, looked at the members and said, "What I really wants to know, does you all want a preacher?"

Nobody stirred. Then the preacher came down from the pulpit to the communion table. He stopped, fixed his eye on the members and asked, "Does you all want a preacher?"

## Chicken every Sunday

The congregation stirred resentfully. The ladies moved their fans in the air. Didn't they do their best? Didn't somebody invite him to chicken dinner every Sunday?

The old preacher waited a few minutes more, then walked the length of the aisle to the door, and out. He went into the parsonage and packed his clothes in a satchel, caught the next bus out of town and was never seen again.

Mr. Mayor, the brothers want us to tell you that a chicken every Sunday ain't enough.



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## Clubs to Carnations

— continued from page 5

some policemen took off their badges so no one could see their numbers. Alioto: If they did, it was because their badges are pointed and could stab an officer through his shirt.

He backed up the police without qualification. But privately he was obviously worried about his tough-guy stance. Maybe "neo-fascists" wasn't the right term for these protestors (first the anti-Rusk demonstrators at the Fairmont Hotel, now the hippies). A couple of his key advisers were quite concerned, and Alioto informally asked advice of newsmen.

On Wednesday, Bill Resnor and Luther Green, two of the handful of co-owners of the Straight Theater, met with Alioto to discuss how the Straight was tear-gassed by police while crammed with people who'd been driven off the street — by tear gas: Catch 22. That meeting prompted Alioto to act; he told Mike McCone, his appointments secretary, to go up to the Haight-Ashbury and "establish some means of communication."

On Friday, the Peace and Freedom Movement sponsored an anti-cop, anti-Alioto rally in the mall across from City Hall. Rockbands,

dancing children beating tamborines, harangues from radicals old and new.

Meanwhile, McCone was at work. For four days, he talked with "hip" and "straight" residents, hip and straight businessmen. By Sunday, at 12:30 p.m., Alioto decided to close the street to cars — "in response," McCone told me, "to a very legitimate initiative and desire in the Haight-Ashbury community."

Talking to McCone and Hadley Roff, Alioto's press secretary, I sensed relief in their voices. Roff admitted: "The essential thing — I know this sounds corny but it's true — is establishing communication. We've made an effort to make this office as responsive as possible. It was a little difficult after all the arrests and the tear gas and so on."

It looks as though the street may be closed to autos this Sunday. There will be pressures from some businesses — mainly non-hippie ones — to keep it open. But McCone seemed confident working arrangements could be hammered out.

By Wilbur Wood

## GAS—Who Believes It?

— continued from page 5

we on the Belvedere side would retreat in turn.

All at once a bottle crashed to the street in front of the United California Bank. Within seconds, the motorcycle cops roared up Belvedere for almost a block. Then they, or others on the force — I couldn't tell which — began to herd the crowd down Belvedere toward Haight.

At the same time, the main force of policemen herded the crowd on Haight toward Belvedere. When the two groups met at the corner, three policemen quietly leveled strange guns with big barrels and, without any warning that I or the other Guardian reporter could hear, fired tear gas capsules into the crowd.

At first the crowd couldn't believe tear gas was being fired at them, even when people began to choke and swear. Finally, both belief and gas began to work and the crowd broke and ran away at Clayton St.

This is the Lucky Machine at its shiniest. Don't use excessive force, but use enough force. When doubtful, better to use excessive force too long, than not long enough. But after you have used all the force you need, then you should not use force any longer. Don't just disperse the crowd, because they might return or reappear at some other place. Neutralize them. Gas them. Is this the new strategy of the police?

For a while, it seemed to me that a kind of harsh picture was starting to focus in people's minds. For example, although I was cut off from my house during the riot, my housemates told me later of blanks fired at our windows, so people wouldn't look out and obstruct the policemen in the performance of their duty, so people would stay away from the windows, so they would get into their bathtubs. And so I was reminded of the same disbelief on the faces of the young white students in Selma, as they began to wise up.

No chance. On Monday a community meeting was held at the Straight Theatre. As I walked in I heard a woman giving her analysis of things.

"As long as Mercury is in transit," she said, "we can expect more trouble. Mercury will be in transit for two more weeks. This is all the result of planetary influences."

The meeting wore on. At first the predominant feeling was one of fight and anger; but as the afternoon wore on more and more people began to talk about love.

"Give the Man another chance."

At this point the black people began to drift out. One cat looked at me and grinned. "Give the man another chance," he said, chuckling. He flipped his cigarette away and split.

I walked down to the dance floor, close to the mike. As I did, the sound of whistles was heard. They were fakes, but we didn't know it then. We thought we were going to be gassed in the theatre.

Two or three minutes went by, fear spreading over the meeting. Thirty or forty persons drifted casually toward the exits. Then a theatre man walked down the aisle, took the mike and said, "The bear cop just walked in, smiled and walked back out. That's all that happened."

I call this a good Lucky Machine.

An ACLU lawyer walked through the crowd, looking important. About 3 p.m. a New York radical type, with Bronx accent, stood up and grabbed the mike.

"Will you all please sit down? Sit down! Sit down! And we'll decide what to do!"

But most of the audience didn't sit down. Instead of sitting down to decide what to do, they drifted outside into the rain.



the many faces

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— continued from page 5

has been moving into the Haight-Ashbury.

"The flower children of last year are gone," he said. "In their place we are getting the Hells Angels, dope peddlars and pimps." A third of those arrested came from outside the city, he said.

"A sweep"

Police — who numbered 140 at the height of the trouble — swept eastwards first. But the crowd moved back behind the police line, so another sweep was made in a westerly direction.

By this time, policemen were being showered with bottles and abuse. And so the decision was made to use tear gas and Mace.

But Cummins stressed that ample warning — about 15 minutes — was given before the first tear gas shell was fired.

Police loudspeakers warned people to leave the area. Many did go out through the encircling police lines. But many did not.

One brutal riot incident was witnessed by Bruce B. Bruggmann, editor and publisher of The Bay Guardian, and his five-year-old son, Danny.

They were driving west in a line of traffic on Haight St. when their car was stopped by police just in front of the Straight theater.

As the car stopped, police with a yell charged a group of people standing in front of the ticket box in front of the Straight theater. The crowd fell back, but one youth backed into the ticket office and fell to the ground.

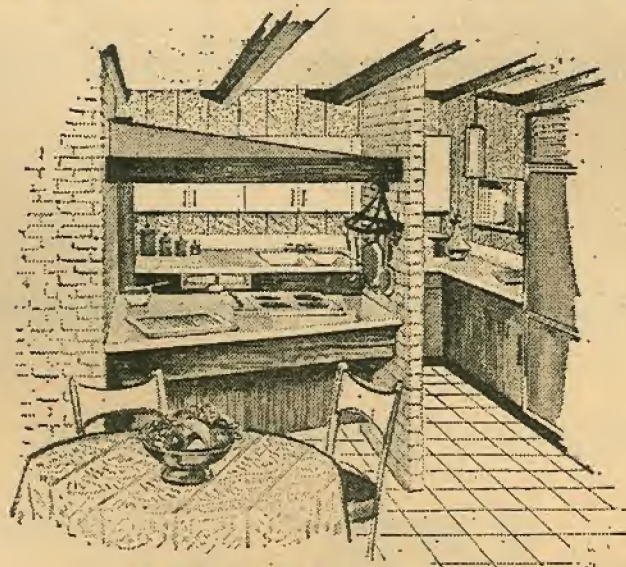
"As the youth lay on the ground, defenseless and unable to move, a large, heavy-set policeman hit him four times on the back of the head as hard as he could," Bruggmann said. "It was the most vicious thing I have ever seen in 13 years of covering police, riots and demonstrations."

Bruggmann's son began crying. "Daddy, will that policeman hit me," he said.

Police waved the cars along. At the next stop, Bruggmann leaned out his window and asked a policeman: "I'd like to know what is going on. I just saw a policeman beat a defenseless boy four times with his club."

"Move along," he replied. "I'm not interested."

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# In Cold Blood--chilling, intense, almost a work of art

## FILMS

By Margo Skinner

"In Cold Blood" (Cinema 21, SF)  
"Kojiro" (Toho Rio, SF)  
"Salto" (Cento Cedar)

Richard Brooks's "In Cold Blood" is almost a great film. This cinematic version of Truman Capote's reportage on the mass murder of a Kansas family by two young psychopaths is often brilliantly acted and has some scenes which are so intense they are almost unbearable. But it is not a coherent artistic whole.

In an attempt at ultimate verisimilitude, two little known actors, Robert Blake and Scott Wilson, were selected for the leads because of their resemblance to the real killers. The crime was reenacted in the farmhouse near Holcomb, Kans., where it actually occurred.

The criminals were "tried" in the same courthouse in Finney County, Kansas (and pretty phony-looking it was), and many other scenes were photographed in their "real" locations, with some town characters of Holcomb appearing briefly as themselves. All of this must have had an effect on the actors and production crew, but just seen cold it is not that successful. One bus depot, or prison, looks much like another in American society.

The film sections about the investigation of the murders are treated as documentary, and tend to drag. There is a good deal of talk that would have been better covered in action. An author can comment in a long narrative. A drama cannot, except minimally. And keeping the chronological structure of the book leads to a series of anticlimaxes after the murderers are captured: their questioning, their trial, their transportation to Death Row, their imprisonment for five years of appeals -- all this goes on too long.

I could wish that Mr. Brooks had followed the author faithfully when dealing with the murdered family, however. His Clutters were very real, though a "typical American" group, a tour de force by a sophisticate like Mr. Capote. In the film they are stereotypes, and the vividness of contrasting episodes of their lives against those

of the killers is lost, as well as part of a poignant sense of waste.

There is still that waste in the lives and deaths of the young criminals. Robert Blake is brilliant as one of them, a part-Indian ex-con who holds the Bronze Star and lives in the fantasies that he has learned in a tragic, romantic childhood. His buddy is played by Scott Wilson, who has less material to work with: nervous, a shrewd con man, callous, sensual, he is a more familiar "criminal type."

There are some memorable scenes. In one Blake watches his buddy make love to a Mexican girl, and recalls, in a superimposed flashback, his mother caught IN FLAGRANTE by his father, who whips her while the frightened children watch. The same flashback technique is used brilliantly in the murder scene, in which the archetypal cowboy figure of the father appears in fantasy to trigger the violence of his son, who then shoots four people dead, "in cold blood."

Finally, there are the two terrible excursions to the "Corner," the death chamber in Kansas State Prison, faithfully reconstructed. This replica reeks of death. We are with Blake till the hood goes over his head, and no greater argument against capital punishment has ever been filmed. It knocks the hell out of you.

"Kojiro," though directed by Hiroshi Inagaki of "Chushingura" fame, and beautifully photographed and acted, is not. Though it has philosophic pretensions -- "harmony between intensity and serenity" as a goal in life and art, -- this story of the rise and fall of an underdog samurai is mainly good old-fashioned adventure, in the style of Fairbanks and Flynn. Kikunosuke Onoe plays very well the founding who becomes one of Japan's greatest swordsmen. Tatsuya Nakadai looking like Death himself, is Musashi, the legendary warrior who finally defeats the hero. Yoko Tushikasa, so good in "Chushingura," is a delightful Ikinawan princess who flirts, sings beautifully and uses judo to keep away unwelcome admirers. And Chusha Ichakawa, another member of Inagaki's "stock company," is as venomous a villain here as in the earlier film.

There are battles, revolts, spectacle, music, dancing, at least four love affairs, pirates, and some magnificent settings, both natural and in medieval Japanese cities.

"Kojiro" occasionally drags: there is an unbelievable chase on horseback that goes on on and on. But it has moments of incredible beauty, and it's lots of fun.

### TERRORS OF WAR

I am not sure what the new Polish surrealist film, "Salto," is about. Loneliness almost cosmic, memories of the terrors of the war (Nazis, curiously elongated as in a fun house mirror, point guns at the hero again and again), anti-Semitism -- I know it is about Man and the human condition.

This strange and beautiful picture, directed by Todeusz Konwicki, a writer who has adapted several of his own works to the screen, has, from its beginning, the quality of a dream. Credits appear against primitive paintings of country, lakes with swans, alone boatman, the same pictures that turn up later in the room of the heroine, whose mother the mysterious hero claims as his first love.

This man, played by Zbigniew

Cybulski with great power and sensitivity, turns up, a stranger, in a small Polish town. He says he lived there before, but no one remembers him. He digs for something valuable he left behind: it turns out to be a grenade. He is haunted by threatening figures, all shown in the same elongated fashion against a normal cinematic

background.

He affects the lives of all who live there: saves the children of a bitter poet from death; turns an attractive, sensuous widow from fortune-telling back to life; tells contradictory stories of his past. Almost always he is a man afraid; at times a man of great joy. His final act is to teach the villagers

a dance, the Salto; and he says to them, "Do this in remembrance of me." Then he is stoned out of the town, which lies in the shadow of an atomic plant, and where the very earth has become corrupted. "Salto" is deeply moving, compassionate, frightening and beautiful. There is never a moment of Agit-Prop.



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# Never again let Herb Caen be seen on the TV screen

By our television correspondent

San Francisco's newspaper strike is the latest example of the inherent inability of television to pinch-hit for newspapers, let alone take their place.

The hard fact is that television broadcasting is show business, not news business. TV newsmen are up against that fact, and are painfully aware of it, but they don't run the stations. The people who do brag that TV is showbiz.

Beyond this, there is the question of writers vs. talkers; newsmen vs. announcers; news experience vs. air performance. A friend of mine thinks the greatest thing on KQED's "Newspaper of the Air" is Mimi London, but he's a middle-aged romantic who ignores the fact that Miss London was a regular on Ch. 9 before the strike.

Herb Caen should never again be heard or seen on the electronic media. There's some doubt about Art Hoppe, and other byline stars; but at least it can be said that, if most broadcast newsmen had to compete in print with newspaper reporters, they would make an even worse spectacle of themselves.

"Newspaper of the Air" has attracted tremendous attention, with good reason. Newsmen generally like it; television executives generally put it down, or else make the excuse that their budgets can't afford such extensive coverage.

Costs are not only in out-of-pocket expenses for salaries, but in a loss of advertising revenue spent for all kinds of schlock programming in prime time which TV's middle management thinks would not be spent for serious news programs. KQED's cost varies according to the number of regulars and part-timers (the latter are paid \$20 an appearance), but \$1,500 a week should be a fair estimate.

By contrast

The Los Angeles Times says that the Channel 9 show "may set a new pattern for news." Newseek quotes a "local newscaster" on the KQED crew of -- mostly -- Chronicle staffers, that: "They know news and they're real people."

But there's another point. When reporters deal with local stories they have first-hand information; when they recite details of international developments and foreign policy, they must rely on wire services just as do the broadcast boys. And Ed Radenzel, a veteran Chronicle deskman, even though he's well traveled and is a foreign news specialist, is no exception. One night he rambled through the budget of international and national news for what sounded like 10 minutes, even though it may have been only five.

The fact that the segment dragged wasn't essentially his fault: someone should have had SOME film to break up the long talk sequence, and someone else should have taken over the national news after Radenzel finished with Vietnam, Korea, etc.

Dry UPI

But even more to the point, the Chronicle's deskmen were reading from wire copy, without benefit of the rewrite job the better radio newsrooms perform on such material. Nothing is drier than the UPI unless it's the AP. Which brings us full circle: the AP's Peter Arnett, for example, one of the better reporters in Vietnam, participated in a recent NET news roundup carried by KQED. He was abrasive and knowledgeable, and

he could talk.

When he and most wire service reporters put it on paper it's something else again. It would also be something else if an Arnett were to be reporting on TV; then he'd have to do a stand-up piece before an outdoor background picked because it's "visual."

Which is not to say that there are not good men reporting news for TV stations. But they're reporting and not covering, and they don't call the shots. Not that the dailies' City Hall men are free agents either; but they're THERE. A San Francisco Supervisor was recently quoted as saying that "now the newspapers are off our backs we

could vote a freeway." And for all that TV news could or would do about it, they could indeed.

Cost "Prohibitive"

Other than on Channel 9, it was a case of business as usual. When the newspaper strike was called in early January, commercial TV operators rushed in with a spate of extra one- and five-minute newscasts, inserted into a good part of the program schedule. Production and talent costs soon became prohibitive -- at least so far as station management was concerned -- so after a week or 10 days of that sort of thing, each station settled back to more normal patterns.

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# Rampant eroticism this isn't, but shades of Euripides!

By Doug Giebel

("Orestes," U.C., Berkeley)  
("Ghost Sonata," God's Eye, SF)

When a director imposes his own contemporary reading upon a classic play, he chances making the play much less than it is or, worse, destroying it completely. My own archaic view is that the director should serve the playwright and reveal as completely as possible the writer's intention and the content of his work. I am, therefore, quite disappointed in the "Orestes" of Euripides as staged at the University of California by Jan Kott.

A respected scholar and author, Mr. Kott loves theatre and enjoys bringing old works up to date by interpreting them in new ways for today's audiences. So his "Orestes" is set before the White House and midway through the exercise we are treated to footage of American despoliation in Viet Nam.

Costumes are contemporary. The Chorus (men and women — not Argive women as in the original) are sort of hippies, Helen is a vapid sex queen in lacy black panties and bra, Orestes wears beads and Pylades is played as a fag Hell's Angel with hog and black leather.

Feathery cast

All this is interesting, but it does

not fit into the plan of the tragedy. If the action takes place before the Palace/White House, if the time is Now, then just who are Electra and Orestes? Linda Bird and Lucy? Was Clytemnestra our own Lady Bird? Agamemnon, LBJ? I just do not buy the comparison. The metaphor is not complete.

Nor will I accept the idea that this play is rampant eroticism as exhibited here by Helen, by Orestes and Electra, and by the Chorus — which performs in mime a variety of sex positions: Living Kama Sutra. Any sex in the play that Euripides wrote is subtle, not blatant. After all, part of the tension and fun of Euripides is in discovery, but not much is left to the imagination here — except what the play is about.

Euripides' "Orestes" seems to me a study in fear and what it can do to those who fear and suffer most. So Orestes, maddened by the killing of his mother but afraid to die for his act, must turn to murder again and again, piling wrong upon wrong until, by some distorted logic, he can be set free of guilt and achieve justice.

Sex and Viet Nam

By concentrating on sex and Viet Nam, by making Orestes a sneering, superficial Hamlet, by playing all the characters as caricatures and denying them development, the

production emerges confused, its meaning unclear.

We come to sympathize with Orestes and Electra (killing is O.K. if it isn't in Viet Nam?), we laugh at the cuteness of Pylades rather than recoil at the deadliness, we miss the subtleties, and most of all, we miss a consistent Euripidean point of view. Other of his plays ("Hecuba," "Trojan Women," "Iphigenia in Aulis,") may be about Viet Nam. This one is not.

On the positive side, I liked the acting of Charles Bellows as Menelaus, a typically Euripidean military man, and Kott makes good use of the stage for movement and balance.

Sue Chaney, washing

On another classic front, Strindberg's "Ghost Sonata" is playing at the God's Eye Theatre (Stanyan and Frederick). During the first two minutes of the production, Sue Chaney washes her arms and shoulders.

Miss Chaney is lovely and radiant. I was captivated by her performance, though I have no idea whether she can act. (Those of us who perform as thankless critics must be vulnerable somewhere. I like beautiful girls.) The rest of "Ghost Sonata" has been directed by John Robinson at tortoise pace.

The rhythm of the production is simply too slow for the material, and scene changes — performed for the audience — are long and nebulous.

More eyes

The God's Eye is a small, interesting theatre, and I do hope it can succeed. We need more places like it in San Francisco. But it must give us more exciting fare than cloudy turgid Strindberg.

Mr. Robinson is a playwright who understands theatricality in his own work. He should inject some into this Scandinavian nightmare. Until that happens, I'll settle for a repeat of Miss Chaney washing her hands. She would have made those scene breaks bearable.

In yet another paragraph of gloom, I was disappointed in "Daddy Violet" and "The Plaster Husband" at the Committee Theatre on Montgomery. The latter is a comedy by Roger Bowen, who is delicious in the title role. The direction by Ann Raim is spotty, however, and while amusing, the author might replace half his lines with others of more wit.

"Daddy Violet" is an import from New York, and it too has moments of theatricality, but during the whole affair I kept wishing for Ronnie Davis and the Mime Troupe, a company more precise and electric than the "Violet" cast. Would the money lavished on this production have been better spent on local troupes? I think so.

Life upon the wicked stage

They said it couldn't be done, but Carol Doda auditioned for A.C.T., and rumors are percolating that A.C.T. will depart in the near future for Washington, D.C. Carol, however, will remain in S.F., playing nightly at the 524 Club on Union.



By Creighton H. Churchill

Barbs from Whistling Shrimp

When jesters become legal advisers and Big Brother lives in your jar of instant coffee, the shrimp are whistling and reality has merged with hallucination. MORT SAHL arrived Monday at the HUNGRY I and found that the Internal Revenue Service had released a false rumor to all the San Francisco media that the hungry i was closed and that Mort wasn't performing. It wasn't and he did. Rather well. Sahl is no longer a comedian, having inherited a devil's advocate cloak from Lenny Bruce, and having become an investigator for New Orleans D.A. Garrison, but his vivisections of politics and mores still draw out laughter, yet not of the belly. His barbs, honed sharp by involvement with the Kennedy Assassination investigation, puncture the apathy, sickness, and drift of American society. It is a show of blackening humor, entertaining because it is skillful, important because it is reality. Preceding Sahl's act are juggler-comic Jim Rhinehart, a good Will Rogers of the Indian club, and O'Shonnah McKelvey, an American Indian girl singing in the Buffy St. Marie style without the style; a true voice, pleasant manner, but needing individualization and a technique. Two shows nightly, dinner show at 9:30 p.m.

Daddy's Plastered Violets

As a hopeful sign for little theatre in San Francisco, two premiers opened last week at the COMMITTEE THEATRE, 836 Montgomery, and, unlike other recent avant guard attempts in the city, these were professional, entertaining and stimulating theatre. Roger Bowen's "Plaster Husband" led the bill, its action centering on two chairs on an empty stage. Bowen himself plays the part of a very docile, fixture-like husband who is pawned by his wife, a nice Jewish matron type familiar to television commercials, so she can live riotously in High Catskill style. Harry the Husband is sold to a husband renter, who, speaking to his assistant delivering new husbands, says, "... and don't forget to pick up the empties." Stumbling through thickets of tribulations, the wife finally regains Harry hubby, who passionately responds to her caresses by drooping the corners of his mouth. The happy, satiric farce mood successfully created by "Plaster" carries an unwary audience into George Birimisa's "Daddy Violet," a biting though occasionally overplayed combination of Happening, satire and distressing world-view. Birimisa leads the original New York cast as "Daddy" develops, in loosely structured manner, around an acting workshop which teaches the "Chekhovian" method of acting — everybody being much concerned with his "center" and feeling and acting like a violet or a lily. Action flows over and through the audience, from a beginning audience participation "everybody dance" idea to actors' using audience response to their questions as improvisational springboards. As usual, audience reaction to inclusion in a play is mixed, but the skill and oblique manner in which Birimisa's troop attack the spectators makes "Daddy's" device rather successful. Produced by Eugene Spencer, formerly of the Cedar Alley theatre, and Ken Snyder, "Daddy" and "Plaster" are a good evening's theatre in a professional but off-Geary style that is much needed in a city in danger of being ACTed to death. Spencer's group, the San Francisco Co., has plans to build a new little theatre specifically for New York off-Broadway plays and native experimental theatre. Perhaps, if things work out, they could build it on the ruins of the Condor. All the now-fading topless chicks could be sprayed in clear plastic resin and used as coat racks, ashtrays and door-stops.

Glenda's Sauna with George's Doorknob

Good ole Lonesome George Goebel opened at BIMBO'S 365 on Columbus, and one can understand the nickname, especially with the current supporting act, Glenda Grainger (Yes, a for-real name). Glenda is from England by way of several unnamed Spanish-speaking countries. One has some tight hunches about which Latin countries after observing her act. Off stage with a hand mike, Glenda starts singing before her entrance, a bad mistake. Her voice is powerful and brassy with occasional intriguing flats in the high reaches. Bimbo's celebrated sound system had a bad hangover and the speakers started to burble and distort as Glenda hit her stride. So did several people at up front tables, including a Sauna Bath and Bar operator interviewed by Glenda when she noticed his glasses were steamed up. Toward the end of Glenda's songs, the sound system went out completely, but Glenda to her credit handled the problem professionally. Singing better in Spanish than in English, Miss Grainger galloped through a medley of things like "Granada," including a Spanish-type dance which, when combined with Glenda's magnificent chest, heroic posterior, and skin-tight dress, was something else. In contrast, George Goebel did a low-key series of monologues and several songs, and was rather good. His style of comedy relies on incongruity and situations, and his bits about backing into a cold, square door knob while getting out of the shower, and the night he played gas and kerosene, instead of electric, guitars, were pleasing, although nobody rolled in the aisles. Two shows nightly through Mar. 7.

Concealed within the flickering shadows of deepest Bernal Heights

at Folsom and Precita is the RIBELTAD VORDEN restaurant and bar, a wonderful place in its own right, with beer, wines, and low priced European dinners, and also now a gallery for the photograph of Jozef Dabkoski. It is a one photo show, and the photo changes every month — the setting is novel, the idea unusual, and even the photograph is excellent. Drop by.

ROBIN PEARCE, the renowned art commentator for KQED, and his wife, Francesca, create an impressive display of versatility at their "joint" show of oils, gouaches, drawings, lithos, and such at the Bank of California, 2333 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. Opening during banking hours.

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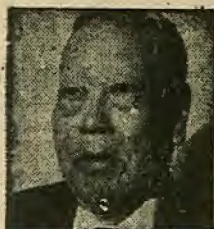


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— continued from page 3



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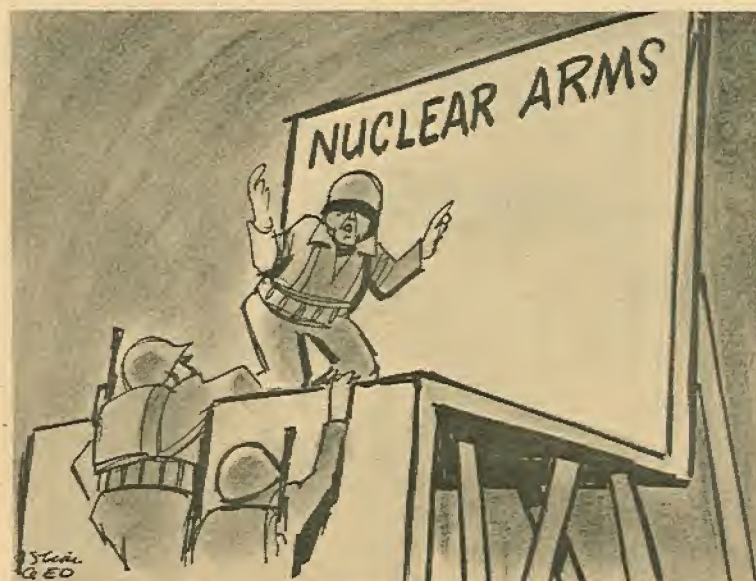
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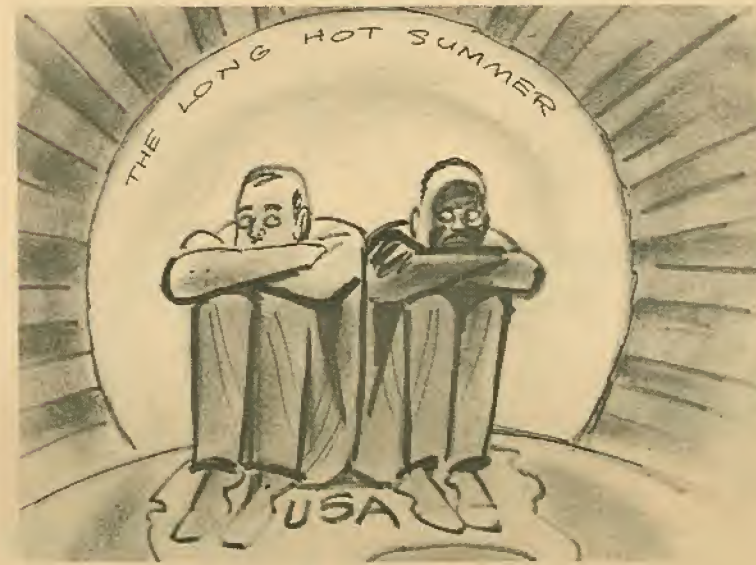
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The day Sen. Eugene McCarthy suggested the U.S. might use nuclear weapons in Vietnam, KQED's Newspaper of the Air flashed a powerful image that night on the television screen.

A huge hand rolling two balls about, one representing the world, the other the bomb, in the same nervous way as did Capt. Queeg in "The Caine Mutiny."

It was a splendid political cartoon—a rare enough commodity in these grim times—but it was all in a good night's work for Bob Bastian, the Chronicle's ace cartoonist on strike leave with KQED. For Bastian each night performed miracles on his enormous drawing board before the show's viewing audience: he turned out, in an hour or so of air time, five or so free-wheeling political cartoons on the evening's news. Some were superb, many excellent, but almost all were vintage Bastian: the economy of line, the deft point, the wry convergence of art and humor, the palm leaf tickling Johnson's chin—"stop that tickling." Of all the newspaper talent at large during the strike, Bastian's loomed the largest and the furthest. —Bruce Bruggmann